

Undeserved Punishment

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Summary: This is a one-chapter story about an ex-marine who had a mental-breakdown through the Human-Covenant war. Rated T just to be somewhat safe.

Undeserved Punishment

Hello readers...

This is a short single-chapter story about an ex-marine who didn't enjoy his assignments during the Human-Covenant war. He escaped to Earth before Reach was destroyed, then he returned to that ruined world after the war ended.

Read, review, and enjoy.

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><p>"Sgt. Johnson: I would have been your daddy, but that dog beat me over the fence."

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><p>Why did the 'San 'Shyuum prophets want to exterminate humanity? Was it from jealousy, or was it from boredom and they had nothing better to do? Judging by the immaturity that some of them displayed, both assumptions would be rational, but the true reason had been revealed, and was evident for a long amount of time. The 'San 'Shyuum discovered that the human race was chosen by the Forerunners to be the ones that would inherit their technology and other possessions that they once owned.<p>

The whole war seemed extremely trivial, and many wanted it to end quickly. But that wish did not become a reality. As more information was revealed, it turned out that the 'San 'Shyuum race was doing it to protect themselves as much as the humanity was also fighting for

its survival. If the other Covenant species discovered the truth, they would attempt to exterminate the 'San 'Shyuum, and their survival had less guarantee than the humans.

Despite all of this, the Covenant was still defeated, despite all of the losses that the human race suffered. Humanity might have won, although some people weren't behaving like as if this hadn't occurred. Millions had suffered intense psychological damage, and one notable victim was sitting on something that he labeled his "throne", and was continually browsing the internet with a laptop that appeared to be a burnt piece of metal that came from a Covenant ship.

This individual's "throne" was basically the top of the main cannon that once belonged to a Scarab, which was now a ruined pile of scrap. This man had the misfortune of fighting both the Covenant and the insidious parasitic species known as "The Flood". He had watched the two disturbing factions murder his fellow soldiers, and he was now psychologically damaged beyond repair. His psychological status was already in disrepair before fighting these life-forms, and after the incidents occurred, his mental health boldly went to a terrible state where no diseased mind had gone before.

The somewhat unhappy man checked his email, and slowly scanned through each message. To him, it felt like each second was something infinitely slower than trillions of horribly long eternities. It was as if there was no time at all, it seemed like time had stopped indefinitely, and that nothing was happening at all. Even though he could move and think freely, the man felt like he could live forever. As he looked at his email messages, he frowned angrily at the level of pity so many were giving him.

This message gave caused his temper to flare, although he knew that anger couldn't cure his insanity. "_Amor, you have my full condolences over what has happened to you over the years. I strongly apologize for what has happened to all of your family and friends on Reach, and the fact that you were given the misfortune of being nearly corrupted by the Flood. We all suffered from what the Covenant did to us, and I want you to know that you're not alone. The war is over, and this nightmare has ended. I am honored to have had the gift of having a soldier like you in the UNSC -_ Sir Terrence Hood"

The man felt like typing a hate-speech full of nothing but manifestations of text-written hatred to the sender of that message. However, Amor knew that venting his awful experiences out on Lord Hood would do him no good in any way. After all, the Fleet Admiral was expressing gratitude and comfort, he wasn't attempting to insult Amor in a passive way. The former UNSC soldier closed his email page, and started randomly searching the internet for things that didn't even matter to him. As the bizarre browsing took place, Amor looked around himself, and frowned upon the burnt remains of Reach. This planet was once a place that glowed with positive energy and peace. Now thanks to the narcissism of the Covenant, it was just a giant sphere of ashes and death.

Amor didn't feel the need to leave and travel to Earth, that wouldn't cure his bitter attitude and depression. As the emotionally wounded man closed his computer and began walking forward, he felt a large amount of woe sinking into his system. All he wanted to do now was just pace around the planet, and make wishes that wouldn't gain him any benefit. Despite the fact that the Covenant lost the war, Amor

got the feeling that nobody gained the prize of victory. As the emotionally wrecked UNSC soldier traveled the gigantic sphere of ashes, he wondered what he (and the rest of the Covenant's victims) had done to deserve all the punishments that they were given.

End
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